

# MON DIEU! (SNIFF) EET EES TERRIBLE, (SNIFF) THAT ODOR!

But to Go to Court Over  
Neighbor's Bugs! Parbleu!  
Zat Ees Too Much!

LE PROFESSOR'S ANGRY.

And That Dear Hoboken Is All  
Stirred Up Over His Feud  
With the Everlys.

The highly sensitive olfactory nerves of Monsieur le Professor Francis J. Trich of the Hoboken High School, the peculiarly penetrating aroma of the bug medicine employed by Mrs. Lillian Everly, who lives next door to M. le Professor, at No. 106 Bloomfield street, Hoboken, and the sensitive nostrils of the French professor and Mrs. Everly's husband, all combined to engender a neighborhood scandal which was only settled, to-day, in Recorder McGovern's court.

Now, it happened, a few days ago, that Mrs. Everly, whose mother is a teacher in the same school that M. le Professor attends with his presence, made a terrible discovery in her home—a discovery at which every careful housekeeper shudders and grows pale. Needless to say, it was to grow too definite here in setting forth what that discovery was: suffice it to say that Mrs. Everly hastened to a drug store and purchased a word in the ear of the clerk.

Back to No. 106 Bloomfield street and down on her knees went Mrs. Everly, with a bottle in one hand and a little can of bug brush in the other. A pungent odor of cypress or tincture of orange drifted up from every stroke of her brush and was wafted by vagrant air out of the Everly windows and into the windows of the professor's house next door.

MON DIEU! EET EES ONE TERRIBLE SMELL! OUI!

That night, which was a still, hot night, saw the Everly and the Trich families on their respective stoops. M. le Professor, of the sensitive olfactory nerve, sniffed the heavy air once or twice and then he spoke to his wife, in words loud enough to carry across the iron railing to the Everly stoop.

"Mon Dieu! Perhaps it is the mosquito; perhaps it makes itself only a pest house! Make-out, she was one small, grand, terrible!"

A response came from the Everly stoop instantly. Some people had noses too long for convenience was the burden of that response. M. le Professor was unperturbed. He murmured to his family:

"Tardieu! If one shall smell this odor and so terrible smell always must one not make deductions true simple? She was one small for murdering bedbugs. Volait!"

Now, tedious is a fighting word in Hoboken. Mr. Everly rose from his place on the stoop and addressed remarks, pertinent, succinct, to the French professor. The French professor replied in kind. The scent of battle was in the air.

NEAR TO BLOWS CAME MADAME AND M. LE PROFESSOR.

Then, on the following day, M. le Professor, walking with his wife on the street, met Mrs. Everly. He blocked her way and insisted with voluble gestures that she retract the word "accidental," which she had passed over the rail of the adjoining stoops. Mrs. Everly tried to fight the game. But Mrs. Everly, so she testified before Recorder McGovern to-day, but he would not permit her to do so. It was only after she had dodged and dodged that she managed to break away.

So one thing led to another, as they will in Hoboken, and to-day M. le Professor appeared before the Recorder on a summons. The whole horrid tale of extermination and expiation was unfolded before McGovern and in the end he found M. le Professor guilty of disorderly conduct. But he released the French professor on a suspended sentence.

So now nothing remains about Nos. 106 and 105 Bloomfield street but a pungent odor and a state of armed truce.

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## ANALYSIS OF THE NEW YORK JOHNNY

### Attempt to Justify the Conduct of Men.

#### Who Act Offensively Toward Women

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"I Have Found All Men Alike," Writes "A Pessimist," Who Adds: "The Present Civilization and Laws in Regard to Sex Are Making a Race of Hypocrites, and Woman Is the Principal Sufferer—Not Man."

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



And now we are beginning to hear from the married men and women on the "Johnny" question. Thursday's mail brought me an astounding letter from a New York husband, a letter written in reply to "A Discouraged Girl," and in its way as candid and sincere as hers. Yesterday I received a letter, signed "A Faithful Wife," which I am sure will furnish food for thought if not for repentance to such married men as have become steeped in the materialism which is sometimes called "the New York spirit."

But let us read the letters and then consider how much is vital to the problem.

It is interesting because it admits and even attempts to justify the allegation made by "A Discouraged Girl" that "men in New York are all alike and that for a few dinners, flowers and theatre tickets a man expects a big return."

CIVILIZATION MAKING A RACE OF HYPOCRITES.

Dear Madam—"A Discouraged Girl" hits the nail on the head. I think I know her, if not, one just like her. I've bumped up against men in all classes of life, from the panhandler to the millionaire, the minister, the gambler, the sport, the convict, the "house," the ex-tank and the man of leisure. I have found them all alike in the matter of women. Some acknowledge it and gloat over their success, others deny it; some go boldly, others sneak. Some beat the game for a while by avoiding temptation. This class becomes perpetual grouchers. But nevertheless every man who has red blood in his veins keeps his weather eye open. I'll put myself, too, in with the bunch. I'm married (eight years), successful in business, young, love my wife and have always been true to her. I'm getting in the grouch class. I've killed a lot of temptation (given by dear ladies themselves) and will continue to fight the game. But it's not man's fault. Why was such a job ever put up on man? It's an imposition. I think the whole mess is simply a result of so-called civilization. It isn't natural for a man to live with one woman all his life, no matter how much he loves her. The rule does not exist among others of the animal kingdom. Why should we, self-appointed wonders in the animal kingdom, be any different? Just because we are "civilized" and "educated," and because our heads are larger and our bodies weaker and we can talk? No, the present civilization and laws in regard to sex are making a race of hypocrites. A dog can't talk, but at least he is not a hypocrite. And the great sorrow of it all is—woman is the principal sufferer, not man. The woman gets no blame from me who fights the devil (7) with his own weapons.

A PESSIMIST (I suppose).

AN APPEAL FROM A FAITHFUL WIFE.

"A Faithful Wife's" letter is not nearly so clever as "A Pessimist's"—in fact, it is not clever at all. It is simply the appeal of a woman unskilled in phrases for advice upon the most tragic problem of life. Incidentally it presents a picture which "A Pessimist" and others like him will do well to ponder. She says:

Dear Madam—Too much time and space have been given the "Johnny" and the masher. Now, please, let the griever, hard-worked, faithful wives have a say. I mean the wives who work and save and struggle for the welfare of the family, and who are constantly worried and harassed by the actions of their husbands of fifteen years or more standing, who cannot walk the streets or ride on cars without ogling every more or

less, generally less, attractive, woman, and who constantly embarrass their refined little wives by these actions. And if this were all! Even during the wife's illness this type of man gives momentary to other women whom he admires. Often he feels violent love for other married women of lax behavior. Is one of these faithful wives, the mother of four children, justified in not going away to the country, so that she will be able to protect and guard an erring and weak, though otherwise good husband?

For the above I am called insanely jealous. Once guilty and weak, always guilty and weak.

A FAITHFUL WIFE.

First of all, he is said to the distressed wife, that one might as well undertake to guard and protect the east wind as a husband of the type described as weak and erring. A wife is not, or should not be, the Geberns of her husband's morals. Moreover, even though she undertake the task she will surely fail at it. Then, why not go to the country and take a long vacation from the erring husband and the worries he inspires? The best sort of vacation from this type of husband is a perpetual one, but not every woman has the moral force and the courage to take it.

WHY FOR OF THE MARRIAGE INSTITUTION.

I am sure no woman of much self-respect would care particularly for the devotion under difficulties of the man who calls himself a "Pessimist" and admits he is a grouch. The very good reason why the sexual association of men and women lasts longer than that of animals, since a "Pessimist" starts the inquiry, is primarily because it takes so much longer to rear human offspring to maturity and independence, and because the strictly human institution of property, which primarily dictates monogamy, requires a limited number of heirs, consequently the family, consequently one wife and, that a man may be sure of leaving his property to his own blood, that the wife shall be of irreproachable morals and conduct—hence the "double" moral standard.

Religious persons may have better reasons for the institution of marriage, but the cold-blooded answer to the question, "Why was such a job as marriage ever put up on man?" is that man devised it as the best means of preserving and extending his eternal selfishness.

It is all very well for the dog cited by "Pessimist" to chance his mate as often as his fancy dictates. One can't entail a box of dog biscuits or put a marrow bone in trust for the puppies. Man who invented property is responsible for the inevitable corollary—permanence marriage.

Here are a few more letters from

men and women on the ways and customs of the New York Johnny:

THE JOHNNY CONTEMPTED BY ONE OF HIS SEX.

Dear Madam: The letter signed "A Discouraged Girl" is very true. I do not wish to reflect on my sex, but in all fairness I wish to say that there is a type—one cannot call them young men—and this type does not go with a girl unless—as was stated—a girl is GAMB. What the young lady says is absolutely so—this type expects a big return just because they buy her a few meals and probably a few theatre tickets. But there are thousands of nice, clean living, fine young fellows who go with a girl because they respect her and enjoy her society, and probably feel as I do—highly honored—when a nice girl favors me with her society on an evening. It is unfortunate that a girl encounters the other type.

J. H. W.

THE JOHNNY HAS NO USE FOR DEMURE GIRLS.

Dear Madam: From "A Discouraged Girl's" letter I take it she is of the coquetish type (paint and powder, &c.), the kind that leads her many admirers (?) to expect great things of her. The average New York Johnny will not waste his attentions on the plain, demure girl; it is the powdered and painted dame who aims to be the queen bee that has the Johnny following. So, if "A Discouraged Girl" will open her eyes she can readily distinguish between the Johnny and the real man, who is by no means scarce, and is not always attracted by flashy clothes and kaisers and painted faces, who are doing so much to abolish. J. F. H.

LINES FROM A JOHNNY WHO IS DIFFERENT.

Dear Madam: Allow me to congratulate "A Discouraged Girl" upon her most remarkable letter concerning the New York Johnny. I am a young man just twenty-one years of age, and while I always am a true patriot to the "Billy" cause (Johnny, as you term it), nevertheless admire this "Betty" for her frank but true statement, the little bit of advice you give us, expect a big return, and even though "it bites like an adder and stings like a serpent," I must agree with her. As a weak defense of the "Billy" I take this as my motto, "When in Rome do as the Romans do," and by that I mean to imply that I regulate my conduct according to the company. When out for a "so-called good time" (a bashy dressed, painted and powdered "baby doll" for me, but when I reach the period when I will consider matrimony, a "Betty" like "A Discouraged Girl" for me.

A DIFFERENT JOHNNY.

WANTS SENSE KNOCKED INTO OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dear Madam: Having read all your articles on the "Powder and Paint Problem," I would say that if you continue your articles long enough you may succeed in knocking some sense into our boys and girls. On my way to business each morning I meet some girls whose make-up is positively shameful. If I was the mother of some of them the cat of nine tails would come into play. I am a girl of twenty, considered pretty (although I doubt it myself, and in all my short life I am glad to say that I have used nothing more than a little rice powder

der to take the shine from my nose.

No one likes to have a shiny nose. I have many men friends, but none of the kind mentioned in your recent articles. I can find no fault with the average man. For this reason I do not stand on street corners and flirt. Words cannot express my contempt.

E. R. A.

FIREMEN BADLY HURT WHEN IRON STAIRS IN HIGH SCHOOL FALL

Jersey City Chief, on Vacation, Is Buried in Debris at Point Pleasant.

Hudson H. Lovell, Assistant Chief of the Jersey City Fire Department, and John Moore, a member of the Point Pleasant, N. J., department, were seriously injured to-day during a fire that did \$10,000 damage to the Point Pleasant High School.

The fire was discovered on the fourth floor of the building at 4:30 o'clock, and is supposed to have started from electric wires. The building had not been in use since the close of the school term in June. It was one of the finest buildings of its kind on the whole Jersey coast.

Chief Lovell was in Point Pleasant on a month's vacation and answered the alarm to aid the local and Bay Head firemen. He and Moore were working inside the building when an iron stair frame burned loose and in falling struck them.

Chief Lovell was hit on the head and both men were buried in debris. It was some minutes before they could be dug out and rushed to the Spring Lake Hospital. Chief Lovell is sixty years of age and lives at No. 181 Randolph street, Jersey City. His condition is grave. Moore, who is thirty-four, is not so badly hurt.

The entire equipment of the school was lost and its walls are about the only part of the building that can be used again.

BANG! THEY BLEW INTO HOTEL LOBBY.

Three hundred pounds of musician was divided into two parts: Steaua and Pagano, who plays the cello and had it with him, and Luigi Grillo, who was accompanied by his faithful bass violin. These members of a cafe orchestra were on their way to their night's work, and had got as far as the mahogany cover on the sidewalk when the explosion announced itself with a loud report.

Inside the hotel it announced itself in another way by hurling the Signore Pagano and Grillo through the Thirty-third street entrance into the lobby of the hotel.

The musicians recovered their instruments and the several rolls of music that were scattered, and bowed themselves away.

## WOMAN IS URGED TO TAKE BRUTE FOR HER MODEL

"The Real Women Are the Furies," Cries New Leader of the Futurists.

FEMINISM A MISTAKE.

Mlle. de Saint-Point Wants All Women to Be Fierce, Jealous Mothers.

(Revised by The Evening World.)

PARIS, July 20.—A new war cry for women and a new leader has just appeared in the person of Mlle. Valentine de Saint-Point, granddaughter of the poet Lamartine and herself a poet and novelist of first rank. She is the first prominent woman to identify herself with the Futurist movement, and she has just issued a manifesto addressed to all women, urging them to join in the complete revolt from past traditions which Futurism implies.

"What is most lacking in modern women, as well as in men, is virility."

"It is the brute which we must take for our model."

These are the two declarations of Mlle. de Saint-Point which have aroused a storm of discomfition, even among the Feminists themselves. In fact, the young woman does not approve of Feminism.

"It is a political mistake," she says.

"Feminism is in truth a mental mistake of women, a mistake which her instinct will recognize. It is not necessary to give women any of the rights claimed by the Feminists. To grant them to her would not bring disorder but, on the contrary, an excess of order. To give public duties to women is to make her lose all her natural powers."

"But what changes would you make in the condition of woman?" Mlle. de Saint-Point was asked.

WOMAN MUST CHANGE HERSELF, SAYS Mlle. SAINT-POINT.

"She must change herself," was the reply.

"To give back something of manliness to our race, swamped in femininity, we must train them in manliness, even to the point of brutality. Every woman ought to possess not only feminine virtues but many qualities, without which she is a weakling. The man who has made strength without intuition is only a brute. But in the period of femininity in which we live only the opposite exaggeration will be of any help. It is the brute which we must take for our model."

"Enough of women who perpetuate the qualities of weakness and old age! Enough of women who domesticate men for their personal pleasures or their material needs! Enough of women who rear children for their own selfish pleasure, keeping them from all adventure, that is, from all joy; who deny their daughters to Love and their sons to War."

"The real women are the Furies, the Amazons, the Joan of Arcs, the Judiths, the Cleopatras and the Medusas. They are the war women who fight more fiercely than men, the strong who inflame, the destroyers who, beating down the weakest, aid in the selection of the fittest."

"Because woman is totally lacking in moderation she is fatally apt to become too wise, too peaceful, too good, during any attempt at her liberation, her imagination, as at once her strength and her weakness."

"But she has always known how to reward the strongest, the conqueror, he who triumphs by reason of his muscles and his courage. She cannot escape that superiority which imposes itself brutally. Let woman regain her cruelty, her violence, which cause her to trample on, to mutilate the conquered, just because they are conquered. Let woman become sublimely unjust, like all the forces of nature!"

WANTS WOMEN TO BE FIERCE AND FURIOUS.

"Let women be the fierce and jealous mothers, having all rights over her children, performing all the duties owed to them, so long as they are in physical need of her protection. Let woman be the proudest of trophies for her race. And let man, freed from the cares of a family, lead a life of daring and conquest, up to the limit of his physical strength and in spite of his being a son and a father."

"The woman who, by tears and sentimentality, brings a man to her feet is inferior to her who urges her lover into the battle of life. Instead of making him a slave, a woman should inspire her husband or her son to surpass himself. A woman owes herself to the world."

An Element of (Therm) Destroyed.

From The World, New York.

I'm afraid you have lost interest in your art collection."

"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "You see, mother and the girls went around and removed all the price tags and now I can't tell which to appreciate most."

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## POETESS WHOSE NOVEL VIEWS AROUSE STORM OF DISCUSSION



## CHILD MISSING; OLD HERMIT HELD AS A KIDNAPPER

Neighbors Search the Woods Around Wantagh, L. I., for Little Mary Stauch.

Charles Spooner, an aged hermit, who lives in a hut in Wantagh, L. I., and who makes a meagre living by doing farm work, is in jail at Mineola, charged with kidnapping thirteen-year-old Mary Stauch, daughter of Mrs. Katherine Stauch, a widow, whose home is near his hut.

The Stauch child disappeared Thursday morning, clad in a gingham dress and hatless. Neighbors say that the hermit left his hut about the same time. He did not return until last night. The little girl is still missing and the woods are being searched for her.

Mrs. Stauch searched the neighborhood for the child last night, but could find no trace of her. She then procured a warrant for Spooner. The warrant was issued by Justice Corodon of Freeport and was served by Policeman Thomas Murray after midnight.

Murray found the old hermit asleep in his bed. He protested loudly that he knew nothing of the girl's whereabouts and the policeman could discover no signs that there had been visitors to the hut.

When Spooner was arraigned before Justice Corodon to-day, Mrs. Stauch was asked why she thought the old man might have been responsible for her daughter's disappearance.

"He used to come over to my house for water," she said, "and I learned that he had talked with Mary when I was not present. I rebuked Mary for this and told Spooner he must stop trying to be friendly with my daughter."

"Mary told me he wanted her to work for him and that he offered her \$1 a month, but I know that he was earning only \$10 a month himself at that time as a farmhand."

Justice Corodon said he would hold Spooner until Monday to give the police time to investigate the girl's disappearance.

## The Andalusian Hat

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